

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, April 19, 1889, with transcript

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TO MABEL (Hubbard) BELL On the Railroad near Lincoln, Maine. Friday, April 19th, 1889. My dear little wife:

I wish I could do something for you to show you that I really do love you — and think of you sometimes. You are always so good and thoughtful for me and I never seem to be able to do anything for you — by act instead of words. I had hardly finished breakfast at the Parker House — before Smith and Co. sent up their representative — “Mrs. Bell had telegraphed them” and etc., etc., — Then just as I was hunting up Mr. Everett's address in Directory — a voice at my side asked the clerk whether Mr. Bell from Washington was at the hotel. Card handed to me — Mr. Everett himself — “A telegram from Mrs. Bell” and etc., — and by and by while I was out came another caller — Dr. Putnam — and I suppose that he too had received a telegram from my thoughtful little wife. I don't know, of course, for I did not see him — or need to see him — for I never felt better in my life. Mr. Everett took lunch with me and we had a long talk over plans. He will have something new to submit when I reach Boston on my return. A damp miserable sort of day it was in Boston yesterday. I started for Miss Fuller's school after breakfast — but gave up as the air was raw and damp — and rain not improving to clothes. Returned to hotel — took a bath — and went to bed — and napped it — until time for my engagement with Mr. Everett. Left Boston last night at 7 P. M. — breakfasted 6 A. M. (!) at Bangor. Weather beautiful. The morning air feels cool and bracing — not chilly — makes me long for a walk or a ride on horseback! Snow in spots in sheltered places in the woods we pass through. The distant mountains white with their snowy covering — shining brightly against a deep blue sky. Sun this morning would have pleased you — the sky now beginning to fleece up for my benefit.

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I am so glad I decided to give up reaching railroad track on this journey. Emerson is a new author to me and I enjoy him. So far I don't think much of his essays — as essays — but they are full of gems of expression — little sentences that shoot right into the heart and stick.

“Thought is the seed of action” etc., “Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done. What is in, will out. It struggles to the birth.” and etc., etc.,

I was reading Emerson with pleasure and profit. I hope to hear from you tomorrow when I reach the Straights of Canso. You better send McGinnis some money. Telegraph me at Baddeck whether you have done so. Love to Elsie and Daisy.

Your loving husband, Alec.